

Methuen wriggled himself into a corner of the hut, rested his shoulder against the adobe wall and made himself as comfortable as the rawhide thongs with which he was tied up would permit. "Well, Calvert," said he, "I hope you guite realize what an extremely ugly hole we're in?"

"Garcia will hang the pair of us before sunset," I replied, "and that's a certainty. My only wonder is we haven't been strung

"You think a rope and a tree's a certainty, do you? I wish I could comfort myself with that idea. I wouldn't mind a simple gentlemanly dose of hanging. But there are more things in heaven and earth, Calvert-" He broke off and whistled

I moistened my dry, cracked lips, and asked him huskily what he meant.

"Torture, old man. That's what we're being saved for, I'm very much afraid. A Peruvian guerrilla is never a gentle-minded animal at the best of times, and Garcia is noted as being the most vindictive fellow to be found between the Andes and the Pacific. Then, if you'll kindly remember how you and I have harried him, and shot his men and cut off his supplies, and made his life a torment and a thing of tremors for the past four weeks, you'll see he had got a big bill against us. If he'd hated us less, he'd have had us shot on sight when we were caught; as it is, I'm afraid he felt that a couple of bullets in hot blood wouldn't pay off the score."
"If he thinks the matter over calmly, he'll not very weil avoid seeeing that if

he wipes us out there'll be reprisals to be looked for." 'And a great lot," replied Methuen,

grimly, "he'll care for the chance of those. If we are put cut of the way, he knows quite well that there are no two other men in the Chilean service who can keep him on the trot as we have done. sir. We can't scare Garcia with that yarn. You think that because we're still alive, there's hope. Well, I've sufficient faith in my own theory for this; if any one offered me a shot through the head now, I'd accept it and risk the chance,"
"You take the gloomy view, Now the

man's face is not altogether cruel. There's humor in it."
"Then probably he'll show his funniness when he takes it out of us," Methaen re-



"Remember that punishment in the comething humorous'

hide ropes cut deeper into my wrists and limbs. I had no great dread of being killed in the ordinary way, or I should not have entered the Chilean army in the middle of a hot war, and I was prepared to risk the ordinary woundings of action in return for the excitement of the fight. But to be caught, and held a helpless prisoner, and be deliberately tortured to death by every cruelty this malignant devil Garcia could was a possibility I had not counted on before. In fact, as the Peruvians had repeatedly given out that they would offer no quarter to us English in the Chilean service, we had all of us naturally resolved to die fighting rather than be taken. And indeed this desperate feeling paid very well, since on two separate occasions when Methuen and myself had been cornered with small bodies of men, and would have surrendered if we could have been guaran-teed our lives, as it was, we went at them each time so furlously that on each occa-sion we broke through and escaped. But one thinks nothing of the chances of death and maining at those times. There is a glow within one's ribs which scares away all trace of fear'

"I suppose there's no chance of rescue?"

"None whatever," said Methuen, with a little sigh. "Think it over, Calvert. We start out from the hacienda with an escort of five men, sing out our adios, and ride away to enjoy a ten-days' leave in the mountains. The troops are left to recruit; for ten days they can drop us out of mind. Within twelve hours of our leaving them, Garcia cleverly ambushes us in a canyon where not three people pass in a year. The poor beggars who form our escorts are all

"Yes, but are you sure of that?" I interrupted. "I saw them all drop off their horses when we were fired upon, but that doesn't prove they were dead. Some might have been merely wounded, and when the coast cleared, it is just possible they crawled back to our post with the news. Still, I own it's a small chance.'

"And you may divest yourself of even that thin rag of hope. Whilst you were being slung senseless across a horse, I saw that man without the ears go around with a machete and—well, when the brute had done, there was no doubt about the poor fellows being as dead as lumps of mud. Ah, and talk of the devil."

The earless man swung into the hut. "Buenos, senores," said he, mockingly. You will have the honor now of being tried, and I'm sure I hope you will be pleased with the result."

"I suppose we shall find that out later," said Methuen, with a yawn, "but, anyway, I don't think much of your hospitality. A cup of wine, now, after that ugly ride we've had today would come in very handy, or even a nip of aguardiente would be better than nothing."

"I fancy it might be a waste of good liquor," was the answer, "but you must ask Garcia. He will see to your needs."

A guard of twelve ragged fellows, armed with carbine and machete, had followed the earless man into the hut, and two of them, whilst he talked, had removed the seizings from our knees and ankles. They helped us to our feet, and we walked with

them into the dazzling sunshine outside. "I'll trouble some of you for my hat," said Methuen, when the glare first blazed down on him; and then, as no one took any notice of the request, he lurched against the earless man with a sudden swerve, and knocked his sombrero on to the brown-baked turf. "Well, I'll have yours," said he; "it's better than nothing

at all. Pick up the thing and put it on my The guerrilla bared his teeth like an ani-mal and drew a pistol. I thought he would have shot my comrade out of hand, and by his look I could see that Methuen expected it. Indeed, he had deliberately irritated the man to that end. But either because the nearness of Garcia and fear of his dis-

the nearness of Garcia and lear of his dis-cipline stayed him, or through thought of a finer vengeance which was to come, the earless man contented himself by dealing a battery of kicks, and bidding our guards to ward us more carefully. In this way, then, we walked along

path between two fields of vine, and passed down the straggling street of the village, which the guerrillas had occupied, and brought up in a little plaza which faced the white-walled chapel. In the turret a bell was tolling dolefully in slow strokes, and as the sound came to me through the heated air, it did not require much imagi-nation to frame it into an omen. In the

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PART I.

Methuen wriggled himself into a corner discount in the second of the second of

eigarette juice.

He stared at us, and spat, and the trial, such as it was, began.

I must confess that the proceedings astonished me. Animus there certainly was; the guerrillas as a whole were disposed to give us short shrift; but their chief insisted on at least some parade of justice. The in-dictment was set forward against us. We had shot, hanged and harried, and, in fact,



an Animal.

used all the harshness of war. Had we been Chileans in the Chilean service, this might have been pardonable. But we were allens from across the sea; were freshooters, fighting not for a country, but each for his own hand; and as such we were beyond the pale of military courtesy. We had earned a punishment. Had we any word to speak why this should not be given? Garcia looked toward us expectantly, and then set himself to roll a fresh cigarette. PART II.

1 shrugged my shoulders. It seemed useless to say anything. Methuen said: "Look here, sir; you've got us, there's no mis take about that. It seems to me you've two courses before you, and they are these: Either you can kill us, more or less barbarously, in which case you will raise a most pestilential hunt at your heels, or you can put us up to ransom. Now, neither Calvert, here, nor myself is a rich man, but if you choose to let us go with sound skins, we're prepared to pay ten thousand Chilean dollars apiece for our passports. Now, how does that strike you?"

Garcia finished rolling his cigarette, and lit it with care. He inhaled a deep breath of smoke. "Senor," he said (the words coming out from between his white teeth with little ruffs of vapor) "you do not appear to understand. You fight as a soldier of fortune, and I am merely in arms as a patriot. I am no hitekster to traffic men's patriot. I am no huckster to traffic men's lives for money, nor am I a timorous fool to be scared into robbing a culprit of his just dues." 'Very well, then," said Methuen, "murder

the pair of us."

Garcia smiled unpleasantly. "You may be a very brave man," said he, "but you are not a judicious one. To a judge less just than myself this insolence might have added something to your punishment; but as it is I shall overlook what you have said, and only impose the penalty I had determined upon before you spoke."

He lifted his thin, yellow fingers, and drew a fresh breath of smoke. Then he waved the cigarette toward the magnolia tree in the center of the plaza. "You see

that bough which juts toward the chapel?"
"It's made for a gallows," said Methuen.
"Precisely," said the guerrilla, "and it
will be used as one inside of ten minutes.
I shall string one of you up there by the
neck to dangle there between heaven and
earth. The other man shall have a side. earth. The other man shall have a rifle and cartridges, and if, standing where he does now, he can cut with a bullet rope with which his friend is hanged, then you shall both go free."
"I hear you say it," said Methuen. "In other words, you condemn one of us to



that you will not slit the second man's

throat after you have had your sport out Garcia sprang to his feet with a stamp of passion, and the chair rolled over back-ward. "You foul adventurer!" he cried; "you paid mankiller!" and then he broke off with a bitter "Pah!" and folded his arms, and for a minute held silence till he got his tongue in hand again. "Senor," he his tongue in hand again. "Senor," he said, coldly, "my country's wrongs may break my heart, but they can never make me break my word. I may be a hunted guerrilla, but I still remain a gentleman."

"I beg your pardon," said Methuen.
"We will now," continued Garcia Icily,
"find out which of you two will play which part. Afterwards I will add another condi-tion which may lend more skill to what follows. I will not coerce you. Kindly choose between yourselves which of you will hang, and which shoot," My comrade shrugged his shoulders, "I like you, Calvert, old man," said he, "but

I'm not prepared to dance on nothing for "It would be simplest to toss for exit," I

"Precisely; but, my dear fellow, I have both hands trussed up, and no coin "Pray let me assist you," said Garcia. "Senor Calvert, may I trouble you for ar expression of opinion?" He leaned over the edge of the piazza and spun a dollar into the tir. I watched it with a thumping heart, and when for an instant it paused, a dazzling splash of brightness against the red-tiled roof,

cried: "Heads!" The coin fell with a faint thud in the dust a yard from my feet.

"Well?" said Methuen. "I congratulate you, old fellow. I swing." He frowned and made no reply. Garcia's voice broke the silence. "Bueno, Senor



to His Throat.

Methuen," he said, "I advise you to shoot straight or you will not get home even now. You remember I said there was still another condition. Well, here you are: You must cut your friend down with a bullet nation to frame it into an omen. In the center of the plaza was a vast magnolia tree, filled with scented wax-like flowers and splashed with cones of coral-pink.

must cut your friend down with a bullet before he is quite dead, or I'll string you for me into a few minutes then than most up beside him."

Markuen gave a short laugh. "Remember overlooking guerrillas were so stirred that principal house. Seated under its shade in what I said about that fellow in 'The Mi- for the first time their gibbering ceased, lous you might look, it would do you good." | way.)

kado, Calvert? You see where the humor comes in? We've had that coin spun for nothing. You and I must change post-

"Not at all. I take what I've earned."
"But I say yes. It works this way: I took it that the man who was hanging stood a delicate chance anyway, and I didn't feel generous enough to risk it. But now that the senor here has put in the extra clause, the situation is changed altogether. You aren't a brilliant shot, old man, but you may be able to cut me down with a bullet if you remember what you're with a bullet if you remember what you're firing for, and shoot extra straight. But it's firing for, and shoot extra straight. But it's a certain thing that I couldn't do it if I blazed away till doomsday. The utmost I could manage would be to fluke a pellet into your worthy self. So you see I must wear the hemp, and you must apply your shoulder to the rifle butt—laugh," he added, in English. "Grin, and say something funny, or these brutes will think we cared for them."

But I was incapable of further speech. I could have gibed at the prospect of being hanged myself, but the horror of this other ordeal turned me sick and dumb. And at what followed I looked on mutely.

what followed I looked on mutely.

There was a well on one side of the plaza and the earless man went and robbed the windlass of its rope. With clumsy landsman's fingers he formed a noose, took it to the great magnolia tree and threw the noose over the projecting branch. The bell of the little white chapel opposite went on tolling gravely, and they marched my friend up to his fate over the sun-baked dust. They passed a thong around his ankles; the earless man lifted the noose to his throat; a dozen of the guerrillas, with shouts of laughter, laid hold of the hauling part of the line, and then a voice from behind fell upon my and then a voice from behind fell upon my ear. Garcia was speaking to me. With a strain I dragged my eyes away from the

glare of the plaza, and listened. He was smiling wickedly. "So your pluck has oozed away?" he was saying, as the cigarette smoke welled up from between the white walls of his teeth. from between the white wans of his teeth.
"Well, of course, if you do not care for the
game, you can throw up your hand at once.
You've only to say the word, and you can
be dangling on that bough inside of a couple
of minutes. It's quite strong enough to
carry more fruit than it hears already. But be danging of the bears already. But of minutes. It's quite strong enough to carry more fruit than it bears already. But it's rather hard on your friend not to try—"

"You fool," My wits came to me again. "You fool," I cried, "how can I shoot with my arms trussed up like this? If the whole thing is

He beckoned to one of his men, and the He beckened to one of his men, and the fellow came up and cut off the lashings from my wrists and elbows, and then, with a sour smile, he motioned some of the others, who drew near and held their weapons at the ready. "I dare wager, Senor Calvert." he said, "that if you'd use me for a mark, you would not score a miss. So I wish to insure that you do not shoot in this direct that you do not shoot in this direct. you would not score a miss. So I wish to insure that you do not shoot in this direction—" He raised his voice and shouted across the baking sunlight: "Quite ready here, amigos. So up with the target."

Now up to this point I am free to own that since our capture I had cut a pretty poor figure. I had not whined, but at the same time I had not seen my way to put on Methuen's outward show of careless, brazen courage. But when I watched the guerrillas tighten on the rope and sway him up till his stretched-out feet swung a couple of handspans above the ground, then my coolness returned to me, and my nerves set like



I Fired, and the Body Fell to the Ground.

icicles in their sockets. He was sixty yards ray, and at that distance the well rope dwindled to the bigness of a shoemaker's thread. Moreover the upper two-thirds of it was invisible because it hung before a back-ground of shadows. But the eighteen inches above my poor friend's head stood out clear and distinct against the white walls of the chapel beyond, and as it swayed to the pulsing body beneath it burned itself upon my eyesight till all the rest of the world was blotted out in a red haze. I never knew before how thoroughly a man could concen-

They handed me the rifle, loaded and cocked. It was a single-shot Winchester, and I found out afterward, though I did not know it then, that either through fiendish wish to further hamper my aim, or through pure forgetfulness, they had left the sights cocked up at 300 yards. But that did not matter; the elevation was a detail of minor import; and besides I was handling the weapon as a game shot fires. with head up and eyes glued on the mark, and rifle barrel following the eyes by instinct alone. You remember that I had no stationary target to aim at. My poor comrade was writhing and swaying at the end of his tether, and the well rope swung hither and thither, like some contorted pendulum.

times, and still the rope remained uncut, and the bullets rattled harmlessly against the white walls of the chapel beyond. With the eleventh shot came a tinkle of broken glass, and the bell, after a couple of hurried nervous clangs, ceased tolling altogether. With the thirteenth shot a shout went up from the watching crowd. I had stranded neath the magnolia tree began slowly to gyrate.

Then came a halt in the firing. I had handed the Winchester back to the fellow



"What Has Happened?" He Gasped.

the exploded cartridge had jammed in the breech. I danced and raged before him in my passion of hurry, and the cruel brutes yelled in ecstasies of merriment. Garcia did not laugh. He re-rolled a fresh cigarette with his thin yellow fingers and leisurely rocked himself in the split-cane chair. The man could not have been more unmoved if he had been overlooking a performance of Shakespeare.

At last I tore the Winchester from the hands of the fellow who was fumbling with it, and clawed at the jammed cartridge my-self, breaking my nails and smearing the breech-block with blood. If it had been welded into one solid piece, it could scarcely have been firmer. But the thrill of the moment gave my hands the strength of pincers. The brass case moved from side to side; it began to crumble, and I drew it forth and hurled from me a mere ball of shapeless twisted metal. Then one of the laughing brutes gave me another cartridge and once more I shouldered the loaded The mark was easier now. The struggles

of my poor friend had almost ceased, and though the well rope still swayed, its movements were comparatively rhythmical and to be counted upon. I snapped down the sights, put the butt plate to my shoulder and cuddled the stock with my cheek. Here for the first time was a chance of some-thing steadier than a snap shot. I pressed home the trigger as the well

rope reached one extremity of its swing. Again a few loose ends sprang from the rope, and again the body began slowly to gyrate. But was it Methuen I was firing to save or was I merely wasting shot to cut

and two of them of their own accord handed me cartridges. I slipped one home and closed the breech-block. The perspiration was running in a stream from my chin. Again I fired. Again the well rope was snipped, and I could free the loosened strands ripple out as a snake unwraps itself from a hyanch.

Self from a branch.

One more shot. God in heaven! I missed!
Why was I made to be a murderer like this? Garcia's voice came to me coldly.

"Your last chance, selfor. I can be kept waiting here no longer. And I think you are wasting time. Your friend seems to have quitted us already." self from a branch.

Another cartridge. I sank to one knee and rested my right elbow on the other. The plaza was hung in breathless silence. Every eye was strained to see the outcome of the shot. The men might be inhuman in their cruelty, but they were human enough in their curiosity.

The body span to one end of its swing. I held my fire. It swing back, and the rifle muzzle followed. Like some mournful pendulum it jassed through the air, and then a glow of certainty filled me like a drink. I knew I could not miss that time, and I fired, and the body, in a limp and shapeless heap, fell to the ground.

With a cry I threw the rifle from me
and raced across the sunlit dust. Not an arm was stretched out to stop me. Only when I had reached my friend and loos-

"And now this other Inglese, your excel-lency," the earless man said, "shall we shoot him from here, or shall we string him up in the other," place?" him up in the other's place?"
But the answer was not what the fellow expected. Garcia replied to him in a shriek of passion. "You slaughtering brute," he cried, "another offer like that, and I'll pistol you where you stand. You heard me pass my word; do you dream that I could break it? They have had their punishment, and if we see one another again, the meeting will be none of my

looking for. We leave this puebla in five minutes. See to your duties. Go."

ened that horrible ligature from his neck did I hear voices clamoring over my fate.

The words came to me dully through the heated air. I was almost mad with the thought that my friend was dead, and that the fault was mine, mine, mine alone! I listened for his breaths; they did not come. I felt for a heart-throb; there was not so much as a flutter. His neck was seared by a ghastly ring. His face was livid. And yet I would not admit even then that he was dead. With a ery I seized his arms and moved them first above his head till he looked like a man about to dive, and then clapped them against his sides, repeating this an infinite number of times praying that that it. not a mock, cut me adrift and give me a rifle." number of times, praying that the air I drew through his lungs might blow against some smoldering spark of humanity and kindle it once more into life. The perspiration rolled from me; my

mouth was as a sand pit; the heavy scent of the magnolia blossoms above sickened me with its strength; the sight departed from my eyes. I could see nothing beyond a small circle of the hot dust around, which waved and danced in the sunlight, and the little green lizards which came and looked at me curiously and forgot that I was human.

that I was human.

And then of a sudden my comrade gave a sob, and his chest began to heave of itself without my laborious aid. And after that for awhile I knew very little more. The sun-baked dust danced more wildly in the sunshine; the lizards changed to dark-er colors; the light went out; and when I came next to my senses Methuen was sitting up with one hand clutching at his

sitting up with one hand clutching at his throat, looking at me wildly.

"What has happened?" he gasped. "I thought I was dead, and Garcia had hanged me—Garcia. No one is here. The puebla seems deserted. Calvert, tell me."

"They have gone," I said. "We are alive. We will get away from here as soon as you can walk."

He rose to his feet swaying. "Lean walk He rose to his feet, swaying. "I can walk

ow. But what about you?"
"I am an old man," I said, "wearily old. In the last two hours I have grown a hundred years. But I think I can walk also. Yes, look, I am strong. Lean on my arm. Do you see that broken window in the chape!? When I fixed through that the bell stopped tolling. It is the chapel for a few

Methuen. "We have had a very narrow escape, old man. I—I—feel thankful."

There was a faint spell of incense inside the chapel. The odor of it lingers by me

MISERY IN A DRESS SUIT.

The Wretched Condition of a Gawky From the Indianapolis Journal.

He was gawky, sandy and long-necked; he was bow-legged and limber-jointed; in short, he was a man whom nature never intended for dress parade, and he knew it Only one person besides his wife ever said he was handsome, and that was a spinster who had had some poems accepted by magazines, and her opinion was hardly worth the atmosphere used in expressing it. And yet when our friend's lodge was to have a reception, banquet and ball his wife urged him to wear a dress suit. In a moment of groundless vanity he assented and rented a full evening dress

outfit. Then his troubles began. When he tried on the suit at the clothing store the coat lapels flared and wrinkled the shoulders. Accordingly, the accommodating salesman pinned the lower corners of the coat front to the bottom of the vest. The latter garment had an unusually large opening in front, the whole garment containing just enough goods to make a watch guard. When he got the whole suit on he felt like anything but a happy man, but the feeling would wear happy man, but the feeling would wear off, he told himself. It never did. When he bore the precious bundle homeward he was prouder than many men who owned dress suits instead of renting them

the husband to the glories of his dress suit. After a vicient and manful strug-gle he succeeded in getting into the trousers. trousers. He owned no patent leathers and his calfskin shoes, with a coat of liquid dressing that refused to shine over ordinary blacking, looked as if they had been dipped in ink. This "domestic finish" added nothing in the way of comfort. Then

Just as he had got that freshly laundered garment well adjusted a cold perspir-ation broke out all over the victim's person as he noted the narrowness of the A horrid possibility he dared not even mentally express dawned upon nim. But it was the only clean shirt he owned. Collar and a three-for-a-quarter white bow were the next essentials, and then that dreadful horse-collar vest! It was as he had expected! The shirt bosom was two inches too narrow for the vest opening! He at last decided to pull the vest down, narrowing the vent, and pin the bottom to the trousers. (It was nearly time to go, and the heroic measures were necessary.) But this made the waistband of the trousers peer up over the top button of that religion destroying vest. He shed tears, and would have fain done likewise with the vest. He put a handkerchief there to hide the waist That was better. The coat once and duly pinned at the corners, he called at the hairdresser's for his wife. He was brave beneath the shelter of his ulster.

When they arrived at the hall and separated for the cloak rooms, all the pins came out of his patched-up rigging. He fastened in a carnation to hide part of his unlaundered muslin. He also made the cheering discovery that in festooning his handkerchief over the ambitious waistoand he had made a great exhibition of the only dirty spot on that cotton square. More ice water perspiration; and he sank into the nearest chair. As he did so, his vest front spread, showing three inches of shirt and a suspender buckle on each side of that precious shirt bosom. He pulled the coat lapels to When they arrived at the half and sepa shirt bosom. He pulled the coat lapels to-gether and wanted to go home. But there sat his wife, with pretty blue chiffon at teck and sleeves of her one Sunday dress, her hair nicely arranged? a huge bunch o her hair nicely arranged? a huge bunch of carnations on her breast, and a peaceful smile on her face. She looked up, caught sight of the funny look of suffering on his face, and laughed. Then he was mad. He felt that the wife and dress suit were conspiring to drive him to drink.

This, dear reader, takes the man only to 9 o'clock in the evening. It was 12:30 before his wife wanted to go home. The intervening period is one of agony too deep to be depicted with pen and ink. The next full

depicted with pen and ink. The next full dress affair he attended he wore a pair of light trousers, sack coat, black tie. shoes, sat with his knees crossed and en-He had been a man out of his element Under such circumstances all men are miserable.

Advice by Proxy.

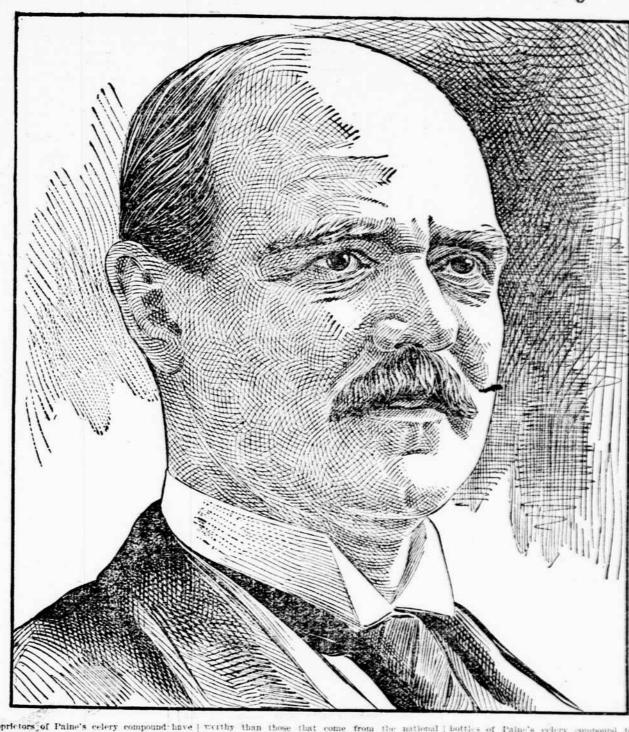
She-"What? The doctor suggested that I ride a wheel? The idea! He never said anything like that to me!" He-"No; he didn't care to say so to you,

name of chivalry, draw! But stay! Perhaps he cannot. Perchance he is an impressionist!" (And the knight departed on

NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE!

Personal Friends of the President Indorse Paine's Celery Compound.

Following the Testimonials of Judge Powers and Congressman Grout Come Hearty Letters From Congressman Meredith of Va., Asst. U.S. Attorney John G. Capers, Maj. Gen. Birney, Congressman Wilber of N. Y., Congressman Bell, Lieut. McAllister, Congressman Neill and Many More.



indersements it has received.

This greatest of all blood purifiers and restorers

of nervous energy, this remedy which is today in greater demand than all the so called spring remedies put together-This Paine's celery compound, which was first

discovered and prescribed by America's most emipent physician, that giant among medical scientists of this progressive age, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M.D., LL.D., of Dartmouth College-This remedy, which has been a blessing to

sards upon thousands of homes in every state and city of the country, which has been energetically irdersed by the ablest physicians, which has received thousands of heartfelt testimonials from women and men in every station in life, and has been publicly recommended without solicitation by persons of such high character that they are honored by the whole nation-this remedy that makes people well, has received so many letters in its praise within the last two or three months, coming in every mail from every section of the countrythat it would be impossible to print them all in the daily issue of any one paper.

Mr. Hearst's great paper, the Journal, in New York, the Globe and the Journal in Boston; Mr. Kol isaat's powerful Times-Herald in Chicago, have each of them, within a month, devoted from one to three pages at a time to the most remarkable canvass ever made of the druggists in the great cities. And their best reporters, unprejudiced one way or another, have found that the druggists are meeting not only a larger demand than ever before for this one remedy, but that this demand-be cause Paine's celery compound cures where everything else falls-is so far greater today than that of any other remedy that it has no competitor. An ong the thousands of testimonials that have

compound this spring none have been more note- about the same time, told how he had used three

of the ablest members on the democratic side of weight-Congressman Elisha E. Meredith of Virginia. A letter from him, dated February 4,

from the House of Representatives, says: "After a fair trial I have no hesitation in saying that I believe Paine's celery compound all that is claimed for it, and it gives me pleasure to com-

A letter from Congressman Robert Nelll of Ar-

kansas contains the following:

"My home is at Batesville, Ark. During the last spring and summer my eldest daughter, then 17 years of age, was in very poor health, suffering from general debility, nervous prostration and frequent slight fevers. She had the best medical attention, but apparently with little benefit. In the latter part of September last, while still feeble, she began the use of Paine's celery com-

still in perfect health. I am bound to think the remedy is an excellent one, and do not hesitate to recommend it to the suffering." Lieut. C. A. McAllister, writing from Hotel Ox-

three months she had fully recovered, and is

peopl, and improved in health continuously.

ford, March 28, said: 'For several years past I have been a suffere from severe attacks of dyspepsia, caused by too close attention to business; on the advice of a physician, I took several bottles of Paine's celery compound, and have been greatly benefited thereby. Since the first of last September I have gained 25 pounds, and am now feeling in first-rate health. "C. A. McALLISTER,

"1st Assistant Engineer, U. S. R. C. S." Hon. John C. Bell, member of congress from been received by the proprietors of Paine's celery | Colorado, in a letter to Wells & Richardson Co., | are among its most enthusiastic vouchers and i

never exaggerated either the virtue of this won-derful remedy nor the astonishing character of the and of Corgressman Grout were recently published Major Gen. Birney, who is now, at the age of in this paper. Above is a good likeness of one | 75, practicing law and doing departmental work in Washington, the unflinching commander at the the House, a leader of acknowledged ability, a battle of Fredericksburg of the farmous 38th Ned personal friend of the President, a man of great. York regiment, in a letter to Wells & Richardson

"My wife has been taking the Paine celery com pound for some time past, and is so much pleased with it that she wishes me to express to you her high opinion of its merits. She thinks it the best she has ever tried."

Congressman Wilber of New York, writing in March, used these significant words: "I was persuaded by a friend to try your Paine's celery compound some time ago, and after its use, am pleased to recommend it to any one who is in

an overworked or run-down condition, as doing what is claimed for it." Many other letters from prominent people who are not so well known are included in this year's

files of testimonials from Washington. Every city and every town in the country is equally well represented in this wonderful popular indorsement of the remedy that purifies the blood, rebuilds the shattered nervous system, restored strength, regulates the kidneys, liver and bowels, cures disease, makes people well.

In these latter days of spring, in the last of the three great months, the close of nature's yearly revival season, when the recovery from sickness is the most rapid and lasting, Paine's celery compound will make vigorous nerves and good blood. During these latter spring days there is a clearing of the air; it is the most favorable time of the year to cure nervousness, neuralgia, sleeplessness, beadaches and low spirits by the use of Paine's

celery compound. record already achieved. The most wide-awake, in-telligent part of every community in this country

THE DISCOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS. HAREM ON EXHIBITION. Documents Which Throw a Flood of Light on the Contemporary Period. From Blackwood's Magazine.

ing, but also in that of mediaeval history. Every one knows tow Constantine Tischen-Greek New Testament from destruction by fire; and how, only two years ago, from the same treasure house of antiquity, Mrs. Lewis recovered a still earlier Syriac pader the "superscripture" of a comparatively modern martyrology. Most people, too, whether biblical scholars or not, know something of the romance attending the discovery of the long-lost "Diatessa-

ron" of Tatian in the library at the Vat-

ican; and how the sands of Egypt have,

hardly ten years ago, yielded up the apoc-

The present century has seen the discov

ryphal Gospel of St. Peter. In matters classical, too, it is much the same. Thousands of people who are not, in any sense of the word, classical scholars, have heard how the ruins of Egyptian cities have given us fragments of the "Iliad" in a handwriting some two or three centuries before Christ, and large portions of the long-lost poems of Herondas. Yet hardly any one, save a professional mediaevalist here and there, knows of the romance attending the discovery of madiaeval docu-ments; how the history of the tenth century has had to be almost rewritten owing to the discovery of the "autograph" of the work of the tenth century historian, Richer; or how a Prague savant just succeeded in saving the priceless contemporary record of Frederick Barbarossa's crusade from the scissors of a country town apothecary. To come to English matters, how many Englishmen know of the late discovery of the long-historical French poem dealing hero of Magna Charta? Or, more remarkable still, the recovery of the history of Richard Cceur-de-Lion's Crusade, as told n the verses of his own chaplain and fol-

From Pick-Me-Up.

lower, Ambrose, the priest?

"Draw, draw! Caitiff! Craven! In the

A Bankrupt Pasha Endeavoring to Recoup Himself. From the Philadelphia Record.

A genuine oriental harem is now being ery of many manuscripts of the greatest exhibited throughout Europe. The manager importance, and this is not merely in the of the Berlin Panopticum has persuaded a provinces of theology and classical learn- pasha living in the holy city of Kayroman to exhibit his harem to the unfaithful. This is the first time a Mohammedan has ever dorf's lucky arrival in the monastery of dared to disregard the very strict laws of St. Catherire, on Mount Sinai, saved what his creed in such a way. The story of how is perhaps the oldest manuscript of the it all came about is quite curious. The pasha, the proprietor of the harem, became bankrupt, and worried much about his inability to keep up in due style his very numerous family. The manager, who happened to be in Egypt to engage attractions for the sideshows of the coming exposition in Berlin, heard of the pasha's difficulties and prevailed upon him to accept a magnificent sum for a six months' contract to exhibit himself and family in Europe. The pasha, who had to choose between a certain fortune among the unbelievers or absolute ruin staring him in the face at home, was persuaded to accept the manager's offer, and thus his household is now to be seen for 50 pfennigs (12 cents) a head at

Sure enough, the pasha showed excellent aste in the selection of his wives, all of whom are very good looking, and are con sidered great beauties from an oriental standpoint. There are a number of very handsome children from six to sixteen years of age, and some twenty female slaves attend to all the duties of the household in full view of the onlookers. The most interesting part of the show is not the the harem, about which much has been written, but very little is known. of the pasha's wives have extraordinary accomplishments in the way of singing, playing musical instruments and dancing. are very clever handworkers, and while away much of their time with embroidery and other similar occupations. There are all told, forty-seven persons in this house

Facing the Music. From Notes and Queries.

This silly expression, (?) which has be come popular of late, is a metaphor, apparently, from the language of military riding. When a horse is young to his work it is one of the difficulties of his rider to get him to "face" the regimental band.

THE GREATEST OF TUNS. Heidelberg's Famous Vessel Surpassed by One in Fresno.

Down at Fresno has lately been erected a gigantic wine cask, or tun, beside which the famed Great Tun of Heidelberg sinks into insignificance. It is the biggest in the

The great tun holds 49,000 German gallons, or 42,000 American gallons, while the tun above referred to holds no less than 79,000 gallons, or almost twice as much as the tun which has for 150 years been figuring in history.

It took two carloads of steel to hoop the gigantic cask, and there is enough lumber in it to construct an elegant mansion. The lumber is all redwood, obtained from the forests of Humboldt county. Not one stick in ten from which the material was selected would answer. Absolute freedom from any

kind of flaws was required.

When the redwood was selected it took almost two years for it to dry and undergo the preparation for the cask. About two complete railroad trains of this California redwood is used in the Fresno great tun. The tun towers to a height of no less

than thirty feet, and it is twenty-six feet wide. It can contain thirty carloads of Compensation.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What a short waist that Miss Wheeler "Yes, but hasn't she a long reach on the



A struggling young artist.-Life.